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LETTERSTOTHELQUNGE

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Dear The Lounge,

I thought I'd write in to tell you about my flashing at work. For the last few months, I've been exposing myself to my boss David in an increasingly outrageous way. It started off as office banter, with David admiring my long legs as I sat opposite him, so I started by crossing and uncrossing them to tease him. Then, knowing that he liked my big, firm 36D tits, if no-one else was in the room I'd undo an extra button or two on my blouse to expose plenty of cleav-age for him. These occasional glimpses of my scantily-clad crotch or boobs drove David wild with lust and knowing he was so turned-on always made me wet and horny. Some days it was a real effort to concentrate on work, because I was getting so aroused flashing at him. I would often

disappear home for lunch to masturbate, because the power of knowing how much I was turning him on was a real aphrodisiac for me as well.

David would encourage my flashing by

commenting on my outfits and how sexy I looked.

Initially I'd show him the top of my bra and plenty of cleavage, asking him if he liked my sexy bra. These occasional flashes became an almost daily occurrence. I started buying more skimpy knickers and lacy bras, so when I did expose myself the effect it had on him was ex-plosive. I really got off on all this and when I got home I was desperate for a shag with my husband. I would always come in next to no time!

Like a lot of men, David confessed he had a stockings and suspenders fixation and would instantly get hard in the office when I paraded before him, skirt above my waist, his cock twitching appreciatively as I bent over my desk. This revealed the thong riding between the cheeks of my firm arse and biting into my soaking wet pussy. One day we were together and as I had a new pair of seethrough, lacy black knickers I thought I would give him an extra treat. Finishing my day's paperwork I slowly uncrossed my legs and parted them wide, leaving them like that for a

couple of minutes till I saw that David was drooling opposite. As the office got guieter I started to play with my nipples through my blouse, making them harden instantly. David gasped, his massive cock twitching in his tight jeans. I parted my legs even wider so that David couldn't help but see my black bush strug-gling to escape my skimpy panties and my sodden, swollen cunt lips outlined and clearly visible through them. We were now alone, so I began to masturbate, teasing my panties aside and pushing a finger up my exposed hole for him. With one hand I held the panties aside, while the other teased my lips open and circled my engorged clit. I watched his cock twitch repeatedly in his trou-sers while I masturbated, making me even more aroused. I had never been so wet, and the juices were literally pouring out of my crack. David told me the next day he'd wanked

David told me the next day he'd wanked himself silly the previous night, and hearing this turned me on immensely. The pattern was now set for more outrageous flirting and flashing – but with no touching. I would now regularly dip my finger into my sodden hole and let David sniff it, and sometimes even get him to lick my fingers clean.

One night, just David and I were in the office with the cleaner downstairs. I began to torment him by bending over, hitching up my skirt and revealing my black thong framing my arse. I asked him what he wanted me to do as I played with myself. He told me to tease my outer lips and open up my cunt so he could see deep inside. I pulled off my sodden thong and passed it to David to sniff. I sat opposite him on the desk, legs wide apart, and opened my-self up to him with one hand, while furiously working my clit with another. As my orgasm built I ordered David to take his jeans and boxers off. He looked a bit panicky with the clean-ers still in the building, but he didn't let that stop him!

His cock was huge, eight or nine inches long, with big hairy balls. I told him to sit with his legs open, but not to play with his cock. I was incredibly aroused, staring at it and now, and had two fingers inside me, one working my G-spot, the other massaging my clit. Seeing his length twitch and his pre-come ooze onto his belly, yet knowing I was in complete control, was a huge turn-on.

As my orgasm built I would stop myself on the brink and order David to smear his pre-come over his purple helmet and squeeze his own balls, but I wouldn't let him masturbate. Eventually I couldn't hold back any more and a wonderful orgasm tore through me.

As I recovered I made David lick my fingers clean and gently started to squeeze his balls, but stopped him from touching me. I then teased his length with my finger, dipping it into my pussy for effect before letting him sniff and lick my juices.

Hearing the cleaners getting closer, I slowly began to masturbate David and just before he came I thrust two dripping fingers into his mouth. As I did he unloaded spurt after spurt of hot creamy come over his belly and up onto his shirt and tie (which he later told me was completely ruined, by the way). Where all this will lead to, who knows? But I really can't wait to get to work these days!

Dear The Lounge,

I've been buying Club for the last six or seven years, and part of the thrill of getting it in more recent times was, I have to admit, handing it to the beautiful redhead who started working



in my local newsagent about five years ago. She'd always give me a grin when she saw it was me and what I was buying, and I used to look forward to that as much as I would getting hold of your latest issue. Well, maybe not quite as much...

This went on for a few months, until one day, out of the blue, Julie (the girl in the newsagents) said,

"You must really like that magazine!"
At first I was speechless, but seeing the way she was smiling I figured she was being friendly, so I replied, "Yes, it's great.

Of course I only buy it for the features, though!" This made her laugh, but then she suddenly looked a serious and said, "Yes. I quite often have a flick through it myself when there's nobody about. I have to say, I find a lot of the fea-tures pretty, er, stimulating myself!" The thought of Julie sitting alone in the shop and flicking through

Club (possibly

the very same issue I was going to buy) and finding the whole thing 'stimulating' suddenly had me feeling incredibly aroused.

Before I could think of anything to say we both heard the little bell above the door ring, meaning another customer was heading our way. I quickly paid and headed off.

After that I couldn't get the thought of Julie reading the magazine out of my head, and the more I thought about it the more I figured she was flirting with me, so a couple of days later I found myself back in the shop.

"You're keen!" she laughed when she saw me. "The next issue wont be in for another three weeks or so!" "That's OK," I replied, "there are still plenty of features in the latest one to keep me going." Then, chancing my arm, I added, "Perhaps you'd like to get together some time and we could have a look together ...?" She laughed again. "I thought you'd never ask!" she said, and with that we promptly ar-ranged to meet in the local that evening. We had a nice enough time in the pub, but to be honest I was feeling so horny that any sort of chit-chat proved to be

pretty hard work.

Eventually I came out straight and asked Julie if she fancied coming back to mine so we could check out the latest issue. She just nodded, and we downed our drinks and left. Once back as my house we flicked through the issue – I've still got it somewhere, it had Ve-ronica in it, and a stunning blonde on the cover I've never seen since. Naturally, it wasn't long before I had a raging hard-on, and Julie must have been feeling pretty horny herself, be-cause after about 10 minutes of flicking through the mag and commenting on the girls she took it from my hand, tossed it

one side, and reached down to fish out my prick.

I almost came on the spot as she leant over and lightly ran the tip of her tongue round my helmet, before slowly sucking my entire length deep into her warm mouth. She was a natu-ral cock-sucker (still is, I'm pleased to say!), and as she slurped round my throbbing tool it took all my strength to hold out for a couple of minutes or so, but in the end it was too much and I unloosed my hot jizz deep down her throat, and she swallowed the lot! After that we headed upstairs and fucked in just about every conceivable position, and eve-ry time we needed a breather we'd flick through the magazine again to get us back in the mood! It's a tradition we've kept up ever since, along with the blowjob as soon as we get each new issue home (Julie moved in not long after we first got together), so every time there's a new magazine on the shelves, think of us!

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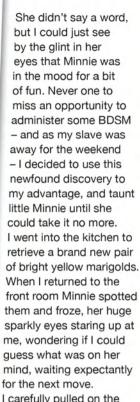




One of my favourite girlfriends is Minnie, a curvy blonde with delicious golden skin and a tight little body. She's got a perfectly formed, peachy bottom and the juiciest pert tits I've ever seen, I just love playtime when she comes round to visit. Minnie has always been a lot of fun; she enjoys going to fetish clubs all dolled up in tight rubber and getting up to all sorts of mischief.

After spending time with the naughty blonde, I discovered she has her very own dirty little secret. I've always known that Minnie absolutely loves tight latex, but the one thing that really gets her off, is rubber gloves. I'm not talking about fancy designer creations; nothing turns Minnie on more than a good old pair of Marigolds. Something about the way they snap when I pull them on, and the rough, rubbery texture on her skin when I caress her with my gloved hands, makes her wet with desire. She wriggles and spasms with delight every time I even utter the words rubber glove love.

The first time I discovered Minnie was more of a minx than meets the eye, it was a lazy Sunday afternoon and we were lounging around at home on my sofa. When I mentioned the washing up, her face lit up like a beacon and a curious rosy glow spread all over her curvy little body.



I carefully pulled on the rubber gloves, snapping each one as I stretched the taut material over my slender hands, slowly and sensually taking my time, all

I ran my fingers around the slick folds of her pussy, her cunt drawing me into the moist darkness. I pressed my thumb into her clit and she let out a groan."

the while staring straight into her hungry eyes. As I walked towards her, Minnie raised herself up onto her knees expectantly, and I could almost feel the tension emanating off her sexy little body in waves. I stood above her with my gloved hands on my hips, eyeing up Minnie's tight little pussy, partially exposed for me to see, in lacy panties.

She began to wriggle and writhe about beneath me, her nipples visibly stiffening beneath her lacy





I pushed Minnie over the side of the sofa and, holding her hips, brought her warm wet pussy up to my face. I lapped at her cunt, the tangy taste of her slit mingling with the scent of rubber."

bra and her tongue almost lolling out with her palpable desire to be trapped beneath my rubbery hands.

As I stood there, motionless, I could see she was desperate to give in to my rubbery touch, so I remained completely still, smirking at the profound reaction a pair of gloves were having on her. After only a few moments, Minnie became so frustrated she began to beg, "Please, please, just touch me. I want to be fucked, hard. I want to feel you inside me."

Enjoying the feeling of power I held over her, I waited, watching her tight little pussy begin to swell and glisten beneath her lacy thong. Then I very slowly ran one gloved hand along her cheek and down to her chest, cupping her full breast and circling her hard nipple between the rubber fingers. I clenched one nipple between thumb and forefinger and tugged hard, making Minnie gasp out loud as beads of sweat began to form on her top lip in eager anticipation of my next move. I descended upon her tiny frame and, clenching a chunk of her golden hair in my fist, gently pulled her head forward and her body over into a doggy position. Her thighs quivered beneath me and she let out a startled whimper as I pulled her into place. I quickly brought one hand down onto her bottom and smacked, hard, making a loud thwacking sound that reverberated throughout the room, muffling out her cries. Minnie's skin turned a bright shade of pink as she moaned and whimpered, hungry to be filled. She wriggled free of her lacy

panties and, arching her back, pushed her little bottom out, clearly aching for more, desperate to be spanked and fucked. I ran my gloved hand all over her curvy arse, feeling her shaking beneath my fingers, as I squeezed and clenched her juicy flesh into my fists, massaging her with my thumbs. Then I cupped her chin in my hand and pressed my rubber thumb into her eager mouth. She sucked hard on my extended thumb with her glossy red lips, running her tongue around the tip, sucking deep on the full length of it, as if it were a real cock and she wanted to suck it dry.

She brought her hands up and, holding onto my arm, sucked long and hard on my rubber clad thumb, her saliva dripping out of her hungry mouth and down her lips. I pushed my fingers deeper inside her as she dipped her eager tongue in and around my knuckles. I brought my other hand around to her bottom and started to caress the silken folds of her wet pussy. She begged me again, "Fuck me. Please fuck me – I want your hard





rubber hands inside me like a big, fat cock."

By now, her ripe pink pussy was swollen and juicy, dripping with moisture. I ran my fingers around the slick folds of her pussy, her cunt drawing me into the moist darkness. I pressed my thumb into her clit and she let out a groan, muffled by my other hand deep inside her warm mouth, sucking on my rubber fingers. I pressed my rough, rubbery forefinger deep inside her hungry cunt, feeling the walls of her pussy tighten and spasm around it, drawing me deep inside of her. Then Minnie began to thrust back and forth onto my extended finger as she continued to suck on my left hand, skewered between my arms. I thrust a second finger inside of her luscious gaping hole and as she stretched to accommodate me the warm tight walls of her cunt pulled me further inside as she continued to thrust back and forth on my hand, sucking hard and whimpering. I pressed a third finger inside of her and,

rubbing her clit with my thumb, fucked her repeatedly, pushing the glove in and out of her sopping wet cunt as she bounced back and forth.

Then I pushed Minnie over the side of the sofa and, holding her hips, brought her warm wet pussy up to my face. I lapped at her cunt, the tangy taste of her slit mingling with the scent of rubber. I pushed her legs apart as I licked at her sex, big fat long licks from her juicy hole up to her throbbing, engorged clit, gripping her thighs apart and sucking at the folds of skin, nuzzling into her sopping wet gash.

I inserted a rubber clad finger back inside her snatch and sucking hard on her clit, began to fuck her

repeatedly again with my fingers, whilst she panted and groaned above me. I pressed a fourth finger inside of her and thrust harder, in and out of her, slurping on her clit. Her pussy started to spasm and grew tight around my fingers, and she let out a stifled groan, panting and squealing as she jolted and spasmed, screaming out in ecstasy, dousing my lips and face in yet more creamy wet juice as she came.

I pulled my hand out and licked the yellow glove, tasting her sweet creamy cunt, licking it all up. Now every time Minnie comes round, I make sure there are lots of dirty dishes left over that need washing up...



















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Sarah 5'10 tall with an incredible 34 inch inside leg!! She has 36c bust and has dark short hair. Sarah enjoys fairly open relationships but likes to keep her private life very discreet, she is looking to meet a guy for some regular no strings fun....xxx

SARAH: 09096 568 243



jJulia I am the original blonde bombshell. I'm told I have the most amazing boobs and sensitive nipples! I'm looking for a discreet clean guy who will keep me entertained day or night. No time wasters please. I'm happy to travel or can acomm if it helps. Get in touch soon xx

JULIA: 09096 568 248



Holly is a 35 year old bombshell she has long blonde hair and a very curvy figure. Holly can travel or accommodate and is looking for a gentlemen to explore her fantasies with, she is very broad minded and extremely playful!!....

HOLLY: 09096 568 238



Becky is a 40 year old single curvy blonde she 5'2 and is a wacky fun easy going lady who is looking for like minded guy's for adult fun. Becky has lots of spare time and is willing to travel, she loves to keep fit and enjoys going to dance classes. xxxx

BECKY: 09096 568 240



Ange is 36 years old, size 12 with 34 dd bust. Works full time as a secretary. Looking for adult discreet fun. Enjoys eating out and dancing. She loves getting dressed up for a night out!!! Stockings, suspenders and knee high boots!....

ANGE: 09096 568 239



Lily is a 42 year old lady, she has dark shoulder length brown and is sexy slim figure. Lily's partner works permanent nights so is available to meet daytimes or evenings, she loves horse riding, cooking and football!!...xx

LILY: 09096 568 237

I SWALLOW

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TWOS UP

09090 22 0198 09090 22 0215

Dear The Lounge,

I've always been into girls. Right from when I was a teenager, I used to sneak into my broth-er's room to take a peek at his mags. Sure, I like guys and have always enjoyed an active sex life with them, but there's just something about a woman that always gets me wet. For years I kept my fantasies private. But all that's just changed!

Last month I was bummed out because the guy I've been seeing was down to London for a lads' night out, so I decided that a long, hot soak would do me good.

As I lay back in the tub, my mind began to drift. I soaped my breasts, soft and slow, then be-gan to think about a girl I had seen on the bus that morning. Before I knew it my fingertips were straying distractedly through the fi ne layer of red hair that covers my pussy. Suddenly I was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. I hoped whoever it was would give up and go away, but the knocking only became louder and more insistent. In the end I got up out of the tub. threw on my robe and went to answer the door, determined to tell whoever it was to piss off. Yvonne stood in the doorway soaking wet. As soon as it was open she

barged her way in.

"Shit, it's cold out there," she said with a smile. "Thought you might be lonely so I brought you some company." She held up a bottle of wine and a couple of DVDs. Yvonne was really something. Twenty-five, with beautiful long blonde hair and tits to die for. The guys were al-ways trying it on with her and not getting anywhere, but I thought she just liked to play hard to get.

"Have you got something dry for me to wear?" she said.

"There's another robe in the bedroom," I replied. "Well go get it," said Yvonne. "I'll fi x us a drink."

I went to the bedroom to get the robe. When I returned I was shocked to see her sitting quite calmly in one of my chairs totally naked.

"Thanks hon," she said as she got up and walked over to take the robe from me. I was speechless.

Her body was absolutely perfect, from her pert, B-cup breasts to her smooth, shaven pussy. She put on the robe and sat back down in the chair. I curled up on the couch and we both started chatting and drinking. I have never had a very good head for wine and the movie we were watching was quite boring, and after a while I fell asleep. After a time, I woke to the sound of soft moaning. The lights were off and the stupid rom-com had been replaced with one that showed two girls giving a guy a blow-job! I looked over towards Yvonne. She was sitting with her legs slightly spread and the bathrobe open. Her right hand played gently over her clit, while her left strayed across her breasts. She didn't seem to see that I was awake and carried on quietly masturbating. My pussy was on fire. I noticed now, that the way I had my legs tucked up, it would be fully within

now, inserting her middle finger deep inside, her moans becoming louder.

I needed release. I began squeezing my legs together to try and satisfy my craving, but it just wasn't enough. Carefully I reached down and ran my fingers over my arse.

On the TV screen, one girl - a busty brunette - was now fucking a petite blonde with a mon-ster strap-on cock. I wondered how it would feel. My fingers began to slip inside my soaking quim.

"I thought you might like this movie," said Yvonne suddenly. I looked over at her. She was still sitting with her legs spread, but her



Yvonne's line of sight.

This thought turned me on even more. The guy on the TV came over the girls' faces and they kissed, swapping his semen between them.

By now Yvonne had hooked her left leg up over the arm of the chair. Her cunt opened wide to my vision. She picked up the pace with a suggestive smile. "You look rather

mixture of embarrassment, exhilaration and extreme arousal. Yvonne got up from her chair and came towards me. Naked and full of confidence, she got down on her knees. I felt my legs open to her. She ran her fingers gently over my hips, then

I began to speak, but she raised one longnailed finger to her lips. I remained silent. She lowered her head and began to flick her tongue over my labia. I was in heaven. I could feel my orgasm building as she inserted her fingers. With her other hand, she began to play with her own pussy. This set me off. I came so hard I thought I'd pass out, my orgasm rolling through me in waves before gradually subsiding.

It's been a couple of years since this experience, but it's certainly one I'll never

Now, whenever my fella wants to have a lads' night out I don't mind a bit. Instead, I just call up my good friend Yvonne and we have our own very special girls' night in.





















































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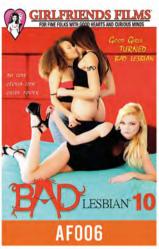


































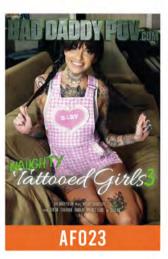
































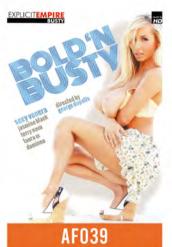






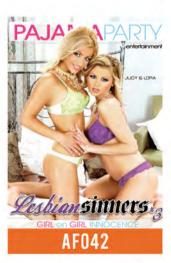






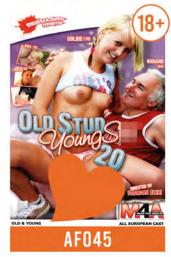






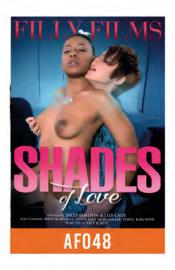






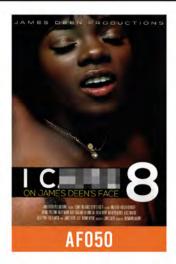


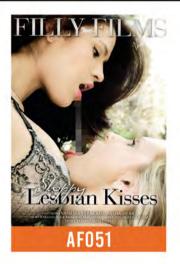




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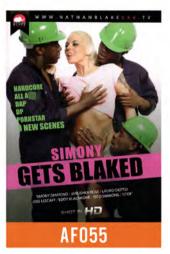






























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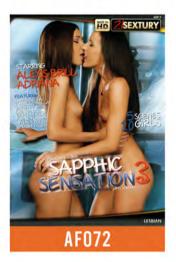




























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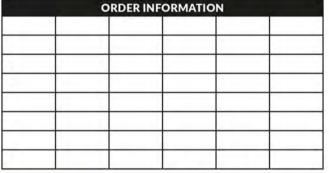
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love playing with my pussy while fantasising about lesbian sex. I usually picture some gorgeous, long-haired brunette babe in a crowded pub with nice big boobs and long legs. She is sitting at the bar and I join her, offer her a drink and start chatting her up. I make it obvious what I want by stroking her arm and brushing my leg against hers as we talk.

Even though the bar is packed, I kiss her on the lips, my tongue pushing between her red, glossy lips as my hand slides up her thigh towards the hem of her skirt.

She responds to my kiss and parts her thighs so I can touch her sweet, satin covered pussy.

We don't care if anyone is watching as we continue to snog, stuffing our tongues inside each other's mouths like lesbian sluts in some porn film. The scent of her perfume is driving me crazy as I wiggle my finger inside the rim of her panties and touch the moist entrance to her cunt. My new friend shifts on her barstool allowing me to penetrate her. A tingle goes through my own pussy as I tickle the soft walls of her love tunnel and, when she begins to squeeze my tits through my top, I can actually feel the goo start to ooze from my slit, staining my knickers. She expertly undoes my bra, slips open my blouse and cradles each firm, fat boob in one of her hands. Maybe the bar is closed by now and we're alone or maybe we're surrounded by an audience of leering pub regulars. Who cares? My attention is devoted to this bitch's pussy, arse and tits, so nothing else matters as she starts to suck on my nipples and slides her own hand up between my thighs.

Clambering from the stool, I yank down my lace panties and lean over the bar, lifting my skirt so my partner gets a good view of my bum. I part my legs slightly and she kneels behind me, running her tongue down the crack of my bum before pulling my buttocks apart and licking my dribbling juices from behind. I press my tits down into puddles of beer and bite my lip as her tongue wriggles inside my arse while two of her fingers thrust inside my gaping cunt. She is sucking and slurping on my bumhole as she grinds another finger inside my twat, making my whole body shudder as an orgasm tears through my body.

Pulling her fingers clear, she turns me round and, looking me straight in the eye, sucks my cum off her fingers, smearing it around her

lips with her tongue. I pull her to her feet and kiss her, revelling in the taste of my own juices while tearing open her blouse. to reveal a pair of awesome tits. I want to play with them but need her cunt more and, reading my mind, she climbs onto the bar and positions herself on all fours, that sodden pussy mound bulging through her panties in front of me. By sitting on the barstool I can lean forward and envelope her whole cunt, panties and all, with my mouth. I start to suck on the material, drawing her thick juices from her slit and down my throat. I dragged the knickers over her rounded buttocks, exposing her hairless pussy, and take a second to appreciate the wet, gaping hole inches from my mouth, before burying my face between her thighs. My nose pushes her bum cheeks apart as I stuff my tongue as far into

her squelching cunt as it will go.

She thrusts backwards against my face, forcing my tongue deeper and causing rivulets of gooey juice to dribble down my chin as I splutter and gasp for breath. I reach over the bar and grab her breasts, squeezing them hard as I frantically lick up and down her bum

My knees suddenly knocked against a lower shelf as my pussy went into spasm, jerking my body until each wave of orgasm rolled into the last. Well fucked, and in a state of mindless bliss, I felt Clive slamming into me even harder."

crack before returning to her pussy.

She orgasms in my face and I nearly choke as she floods my mouth with sticky cum, the walls of her twat pulsing around my probing tongue as I grip her tits tightly.



One climax each is never enough in my filthy lezzie fantasies, so our finger-fucking and cunt sucking may just continue all night long but unfortunately, for now at least, only in my dirty mind.

y I'm not a bad looking bloke, and with a fair amount of disposable income to splash out on enjoying myself, I've never had too much of a problem pulling birds. That is, until recently, when I met a snobby little bitch called Jade.

I'm not used to having to chase a bird and I could have moved on to an easier bit of stuff, but her fresh face, shapely legs and peachy little arse attracted me so much that I became increasingly determined to woo her and do her.

Although she was aloof and unresponsive to flattery at first, I eventually managed to talk her into going out for a drink with me. As we chatted, she let drop that the girls at her office had been teasing her about my reputation and had warned her off me. I pretended to be shocked and bewildered, protesting





that although I might have been out with one or two of them, they had all seemed to like it at the time. I even pretended that they had been the ones to ditch me, and that I had been hurt at the time by their uncaring behaviour.

After that, I kept the conversation strictly to likes and dislikes. Surprisingly, we shared some of the same interests, including a fondness for Chinese food. As I was driving I couldn't really drink much so, after just a couple, I offered to drive her home.

As we drove, I turned on the radio and she sat back and, stretching her long legs out in front of her, appeared to relax in my company. On the way, we passed a Chinese restaurant that I knew well. It being a Friday evening, I strongly suspected that they would be fully booked, and a plan occurred to me. I asked if she would like to stop and have some Chinese food with me.

She agreed. To my relief they were indeed booked up, and, feigning disappointment, I suggested diffidently that we could perhaps grab a takeaway and eat it at my flat.

As I warmed the plates and opened a bottle of wine, Jade began to make herself at home, kicking her shoes off and fetching the cutlery. We moved to the living room where, settling herself on the sofa, she began eating. Now normally, watching someone consume noodles isn't the prettiest of spectacles, but Jade had a way of making it one of the most erotic sights I've seen. She ate in very small mouthfuls, closing her eyes as she swallowed; then, dipping her fingertip into the sauce, she'd lick it, and closing her lips over it, suck what remained of the sauce in a





highly suggestive fashion.

I was surprised at this turnaround in her behaviour, but it was a fairly big step in the right direction, so I topped up her glass and sat back to enjoy the show. Aware that she now had my full attention, Jade grew bolder and it began to become apparent to me that this prim young miss was in reality an artful little tart.

Laying her fork aside, she slowly leaned back on the sofa and, pulling her short skirt right up, put both hands between her legs. Then, moving her panty gusset to one side, she actually began to frig herself in front of me!

The portion of Chinese I was eating dropped out of my mouth! Pulling her cunt lips apart, Jade looked directly at me and asked softly if I still felt hungry!

Her pussy was swollen and spread open. It was supple, fresh and framed with short, tight, silky blonde curls. I knelt down and licked and kissed the inside of her smooth thighs, lapping up her love juices as they trickled from her pussy.

Then, lapping her warm, moist slit, I pushed back the tiny flesh hood surrounding her clitoris until I found her little pink button. At this, she pressed her cunt hard onto my probing tongue and, grabbing my head between her hands, began to ride my face! After a few seconds of this I adjusted my position and, moving my tongue back up her cunt, I inserted a finger into her well lubricated slot and began searching for her G-spot. I must have found it, because Jade moaned loudly and came on my hand, her pussy muscles gripping my fingers like a fucking vice.

Compelled by everything in me to taste every inch of her, I turned her around so that she was kneeling on the sofa and, pushing her skirt up her back, admired her pert young buttocks. Pulling her panties down around her knees. I spread her bum-cheeks and roughly pushed my tongue-tip up her arsehole. I licked around her puckered little ring and then I delved back in again, trying to stab my tongue as far up her sweet-tasting anus as it would go. She was writhing with pleasure as I reached forward to play with her tight little pussy, and, as I buried my fingers deep into her slit, I felt her cunt spasm as she came again.

As Jade leaned with her face pressed against the back of the sofa attempting to regain her breath, I hastily removed my trousers and shorts. My cock had by now grown to grand proportions. Stroking my rock-hard prick, I turned my attention once again to the young lady's anal orifice, which was already nicely lubricated by my saliva.

I spread her buttocks wide apart and lowered myself until my prick nudged against her gorgeous little rosebud. Then, lubricating my dick with her pussy juices, I slowly eased my cock into her incredibly tight little bumhole and we both groaned as my weapon very lists hand up my leg and began to worm his fingers inside my gusset. I was pretty much on heat as he began to finger my slit, and by the time I turned and took the plates through the swing doors into the restaurant, my cheeks burned and my pussy was moist and

gradually worked its way inside, all the way up to the base of my shaft. What a fucking view I had!

Remembering what a stuck-up little

He rolled down the top of my tights and pulled my g-string up into my crack. Dragging the thin gusset between my juicy pussy lips."

bitch she had been towards me earlier, I began to fuck her arse hard with something akin to a kind of strangely pleasurable resentment. Suddenly experiencing a rush of indescribable excitement at the knowledge that I was finally slamming my prick hard into her prim little arsehole, I felt my balls tense and shot my spunk deep inside her rectum.

And if I'd thought that would calm her down, I was wrong, but hey, that's another letter entirely!

'm from a small town in the Midlands and, bored with the scene there, I moved down to London and took a job as a waitress in a posh restaurant.

The pay is okay and the tips can be great, but for me the big deal is that I get to live and work in the city.

Waitressing can be a little boring at times, but the kitchen staff are fun to work with and we all get along. The head chef, Clive, is proper wicked and I fancy him rotten. He likes me too, and if we get a moment we sneak off for a snog and sometimes a little bit more!

I get lots of attention from most of the diners as I am tall and leggy, which I suppose must make my uniform seem that bit shorter and sexier than those worn by the other girls.

Showing plenty of leg, plus being well developed in the tit department, gives me a definite edge over the other waitresses, so of course I tend to get bigger tips.

A couple of weeks ago, when I was doing dinners, Clive started touching me up as I picked up some plates from the end of the counter opposite the grills and ovens to take out to one of my tables. Screened by the counter from the other staff, he moved his hand up my leg and began to worm his fingers inside my gusset. I was pretty much on heat as he began to finger my slit, and by the time I turned and took the plates through the swing doors into the restaurant, my cheeks burned and my pussy was moist and

throbbing.

The guests at the table the plates were meant for were two businessmen. One was short and balding, but his fellow diner was tall, dark, a bit younger and powerfully built.

When I served them their main course and asked if they wanted anything else, the short bloke looked me over and remarked that the food looked grand, but if there was anything tastier going later, he would be interested.

I looked pointedly down at his lap and noticed that although there was a slight bulge there, it was nothing there to get remotely excited about.

"Certainly, sir," I told him. "I'll get you the desert menu when you're ready for it." No thanks, I thought! My mind was fixed on Clive's package back there in the kitchen, just waiting for the opportunity to plunge that cock of his inside my pussy.

With the main courses finished, Clive had more time on his hands, and when the deserts were all served at my tables, I had a couple of minutes to spare. Clive cornered me in one of the walk-in pantries where we keep the sauces and such.

Lifting my skirt, he began to massage my bum cheeks, before pushing me belly-first over the edge of one of the deep, stainless steel shelves.

He rolled down the top of my tights and pulled my g-string up into my crack.





Dragging the thin gusset between my juicy pussy lips, he pulled it tight so that the material created friction against my already throbbing clit. It nearly blew my fucking mind and my heels danced on the polished tiles. I bit back a loud moan as Clive continued to wank me with my own g-string.

Lowering his chef's elastic-waisted checked trousers, he used a handy pair of scissors to snip away the sides of my panties.

Pulling the tattered wisp of lace out from between my legs, he pushed his hard rod against the entrance to my dripping pussy.

I was as hot as a knob of melted butter, and really ached to feel him thrusting inside me. But Clive is the kind of bloke who likes to hear a girl plead for it, and he held his weapon stock-still against my throbbing cunt until I broke down and begged him to fill me with his big cock and shag me hard.

His hand landed with a playful smack across my arse as, laughing, he finally pushed his full length inside my soaking box, filling my tingling pussy with his fat meat and pumping. It felt fabulous, well worth the wait, and my pussy constricted around it as I pushed back to meet his forward thrusts as he began to ream my sticky cunt. My pussy was literally sucking

him in as he pounded away, filling me full of his prime British beef.

As the first of several orgasms hit, I threw my head back and tried not to squeal aloud, though I was pretty sure that the rest of the kitchen staff had a fair idea what was going on inside the cupboard. Right then I didn't give a toss who heard.

My pussy was aching with the tremendous pumping Clive was giving me, and the chill from the stainless steel shelf was stimulating my nipples through my thin top. My knees suddenly knocked against a lower shelf as my pussy went into spasm, jerking my body until each wave of orgasm rolled into the last. Well fucked, and in a state of mindless bliss, I felt Clive slamming into me even harder.

Well into his stride now, Clive rammed on and jackhammered his way to climax in my cunt. Gripping me tightly at the hips, he pumped and jerked his cum inside my twitching cunt, emptying his bulging ball sacks inside me.

We had only just separated when the door to the kitchens opened and Robert, the assistant manager, walked into the kitchen calling for me.

Clive stayed where he was, but I scrambled to get my skirt up and made an attempt at a dignified exit, carrying a sauce boat. Robert's a bit of a power mad bastard and, pointing to the dining-room,

he told me in an icy tone that they were busy out there and demanded to know why I was, "fucking about with sauces".

I didn't answer, just headed back through the two sets of swing doors into the restaurant, furtively trying to pull my tights back into place without Robert or anyone else noticing. As I pushed through, I could

By sitting on the barstool I could lean forward and envelope her whole cunt, panties and all, with my mouth. I started to suck on the material, drawing her thick juices from her slit and down my throat."

feel the spunk begin to ooze from between my pussy lips. It made me feel like a dirty little tramp, and when my hair fell out from the hair-grips holding it in place, I smiled to myself, wondering if the two cheeky businessmen would notice the difference.





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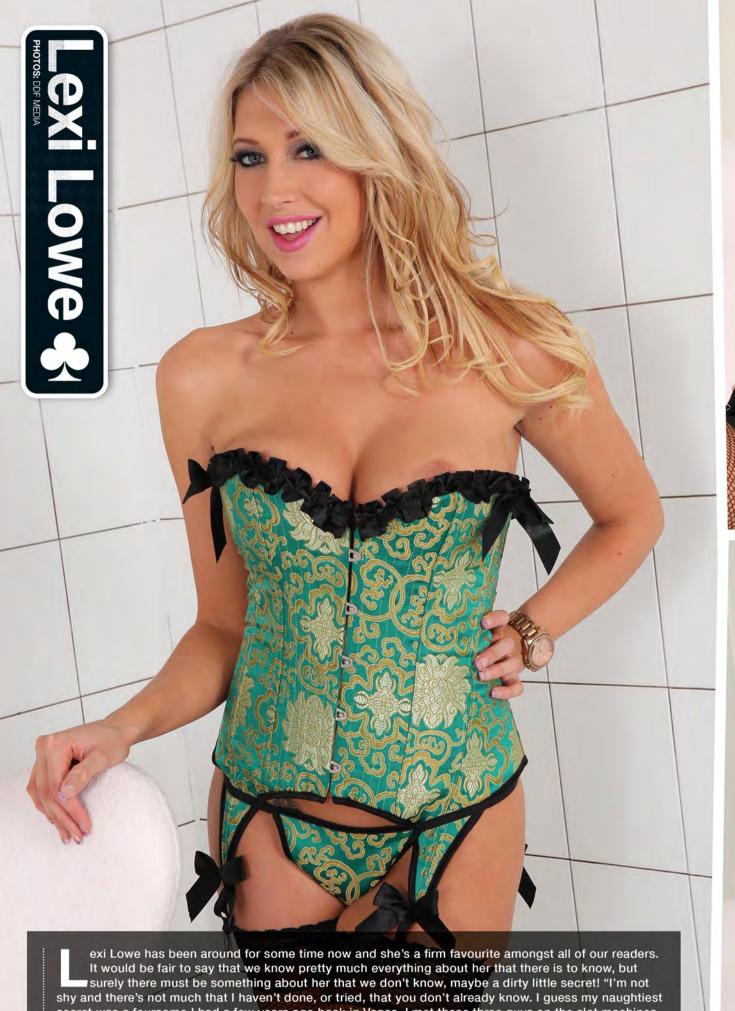






mm, Tiffany James is just the sort of boobelicious UK babe we should be featuring in Club, don't you think? The Ed certainly did, judging by the way he scuttled off to the studio when he heard she was in for a shoot. Blimey, we haven't seen him move that fast since word reached him that there was £2 off a bottle of gin at the local offie! Still, while his taste in cut-price booze might be considered rather dubious, there's no doubting his preferences when it comes to glamour babes - Tiff's got the boobs, the face, and the stupendous fanny-flaps to mark her out as a true talent in the business - especially when they're atop such a shapely pair of pins! But has she got anything to say on her appearance in Club to the discerning readers of one of the UK's favourite top shelf mags? "Nothing in particular," she muses, lazily fiddling with her labia and looking all thoughtful, "except that I hope they enjoy looking at these pics as much as I enjoyed posing for them!" And with that she gave her clit a sneaky rub, just to demonstrate how much she was enjoying it!





secret was a foursome I had a few years ago back in Vegas. I met these three guys on the slot machines and fast forward a few hours later and I had one of them in my front slot while the other two managed to stuff both of their cocks in my arse. I squeeled like a pig with all three cocks pumping in and out of me simultaneously. They definitely hit the jackpot, and so did I!"





















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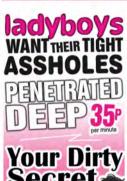




























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Daniela recently turned 21 and she's already living her best life! She has loads of fetishes and kinks whether it's fucking herself with her favourite dildo, strutting around in a fishnet bodysuit leaving very little to the imagination or covering herself in anything edible and being licked clean. Find me in: Cute



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Find me in: Kinky



Leeya's a glam Thai Ladyboy, a girly-girl who loves all the attention her looks get. She's a step-mum to grown up kids who're none the wiser to her secret. She likes to keep herself in shape & she has an adventurous side. She'll often go to the beach for a walk or strips off for a sexy skinny dip. Find me in: T-Girl



Pim, (19) is a Thai slut who loves to get fucked by British men. She works part time in a shop where she flirts with all the customers young and old. More often than not the customers get more than what they pay for. Her main aim is to have as much sex as possible ... With anyone! Find me in: Asian

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Voluptuous single mum Ann-Marie describes herself as big, beautiful, cute, and curvy, but also sexually frustrated. She enjoys meeting new people and has no trouble getting a man's number, and she's more than happy to share hers. She's desperate for a long night of intense sex, the dirtier the better!

Find me in: Big Boobs



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Connie's 78 and is a retired widow who's joyous & graceful. She enjoys home baking, musicals & sexy text flirting with like minded men. She's new to exting she's just learnt how to send nudes and Connie's more than happy to share filthy photos with horny men only as long as they return the favour... Find me in: GLLF



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Old phrases we use today and where they orinated from, Part 2...

Down The Wire



In the 18th century tradesmen often kept precise records of transactions and deliveries using tally sticks, these sticks were marked with nicks or notches to represent units of time or quantity. Completing a task or making a delivery just as the final notch was recorded meant it was done at the very last moment. This lead to the phrase 'In The Nick Of Time' which now means completing something just before it is too late.

GET OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT!

In military drills soldiers who started marching with the wrong foot disrupted the entire formation leading to the phrase 'Get Off On The Wrong Foot' to describe beginning something poorly or making a bad first impression.



UNDER THE WEATHER!

It is an old maritime tradition that when sailors fell ill they were said to be effected by the harsh and unpredictable sea conditions. Sailors would often feel worse during bad weather as the rough seas exacerbated



their symptoms and made working conditions unbearable. Consequently, these sailors were described as being 'Under The Weather'. A phrase that has evolved to mean feeling unwell or sick.

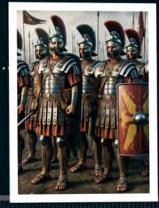
GOING THE EXTRA MILE!

In ancient Rome soldiers were legally allowed to compel civilians to carry their gear for one mile, however some generous individuals would voluntarily carry the burden for an additional mile to demonstrate their

willingness to help and go beyond what was required. This act of exceeding expectations led to the expression 'Going The Extra Mile'.



Iln ancient times a cunning physician would prescribe his patients bitter and unpleasant remedies claiming they were effective cures, however when



he himself fell ill he had to take the same unpleasant medicine he had given to others experiencing first-hand the discomfort he had inflicted. This ironic situation highlighted the notion of facing the consequences of one's actions thus leading to the phrase 'A Taste Of Your Own Medicine'.

► HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPE VINE!



During the American Civil War a network of telegraph lines was established to transmit information rapidly across distances. These lines were often strung haphazardly resembling grape vines. Rumours and unofficial information travelled quickly through these makeshift lines leading people to say they heard it 'Through The Grapevine'.

CROCODILE TEARS

In the 16th century it was believed that crocodiles eyes watered whilst they were hunting their prey and eating it, hence the reason we say someone has 'Crocodile Tears' when they show signs of untrue sorrow.

ON CLOUD NINE!

During the 1950s the United States weather bureau gave big fluffy white clouds the nickname 'Cloud-9'. These clouds are considered the most attractive of all clouds, hence the reason we say 'On Cloud-9' when talking about heightened happiness.



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS!

In 16th century England it was common to offer a small coin to someone who appeared deep in thought as a way of encouraging them to share what was on their mind. This token gesture recognised the value of a person's inner reflections and invited them to reveal their contemplations. The modest offer of a penny highlighted the notion of paying for someone's musings leading to the phrase 'A Penny For Your Thoughts'.





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